To puniſh me with this, and this with me,
That I muſt be their ſcourge and miniſter,
I will beſtow him and will anſwer well
The death I gaue him; ſo againe good night
I muſt be cruell onely to be kinde,
This bad beginnes, and worſe remaines behind.
One word more good Lady

Ger. What ſhall I doe?

Ham. Not this by no meanes that I bid you doe,
Let the blowt King temp't you againe to bed,
Pinch wanton on your cheeke, call you his Mouſe,
And let him for a paire of reechy kiſſes,
Or padling in your necke with his damn'd fingers.
Make you to ravell all this matter out
That I eſſentially am not in madneſſe,
But mad in craft, t'were good you let him know.
For who that's but a Queene, faire, ſober, wiſe,
Would from a paddack, from a bat, a gib,
Such deare conceruings hide, who would doe ſo,
No, in diſpight of ſence and ſecrecy,
Vnpeg the basket on the houſes top
Let the birds fly, and like the famous Ape,
To try concluſions in the basket creepe,
And breake your owne necke downe.

Ger. Be thou aſſur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I haue no life to breath
What thou haſt ſayd to me.

Ham. I muſt to England, you know that,

Ger. Alacke I had forgot.
Tis ſo concluded on.

Ham. Ther's letters ſeald, and my two Schoolefellowes,
Whom I will truſt as I will Adders fang'd,
They beare the mandat, they muſt ſweepe my way
And marſhall me to knauery: let it worke,
For tis the ſport to haue the enginer
Hoiſt with his owne petar, an't ſhall goe hard
But I will delue one yard belowe their mines,
And blow them at the Moone: O tis moſt ſweete
When in one line two crafts directly meete,

This man ſhall ſet me packing,
Ile lugge the guts into the neighbour roome;
Mother good night indeed, this Counſayler
Is now moſt ſtill, moſt ſecret, and moſt graue,
Who was in life a moſt fooliſh prating knaue.
Come ſir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night mother. *Exit.*

Enter King, and Queene, with Roſencraus and Gyldenſterne.

King. There's matter in theſe ſighes, theſe profound heaues,
You muſt tranſlate, tis fit we vnderſtand them,
Where is your ſonne?

Gert. Beſtow this place on vs a little while.
Ah mine owne Lord, what haue I ſeene to night?

King What *Gertrad*, how dooes *Hamlet*?

Gert. Mad as the ſea and wind when both contend
Which is the mightier in his lawleſſe fit,
Behind the Arras hearing ſome thing ſtirre,
Whips out his Rapier, cryes a Rat, a Rat,
And in this brainiſh apprehenſion kills
The vnſeene good old man.

King. O heauy deed!
It had beene ſo with vs had we beene there,
His liberty is full of threates to all,
To you your ſelfe, to vs, to euery one,
Alas, how ſhall this bloody deede be anſwer'd?
It will be layd to vs, whoſe prouidence
Should haue kept ſhort, reſtraind, and out of haunt
This mad young man; but ſo much was our loue,
We would not vnderſtand what was moſt fit,
But like the owner of a foule diſeaſe
To keepe it from divulging, let it feede
Euen on the pith of life: where is he gone?

Gert. To draw apart the body he hath kild,
Ore whom, his very madneſſe like ſome ore
Among a minerall of mettals baſe,
Showes it ſelfe pure, a weepes for what is done.

King. Gertrad, com away,